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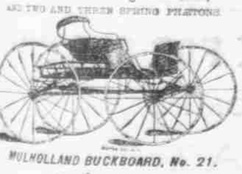

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A MAID FORLORN.

BY THE DUCHESS.

"May I ask where you live, miss?" demands Mrs. Richards, quietly.

"At Branksmere. It must be a long way from this. You know it?"

"Branksmere! The Whitleys' old place—and this is Oaklands. My certie, but you have had a walk!" exclaims the housekeeper, lifting her hands in dismay. "Why, it is four miles from here by the common, and eight by the road! And what an evening for such a journey! See—how dark the night has grown"—drawing aside the curtains to peer out. "I fear no human being could find his way to Branksmere this hour, in such weather, unless he knew the road well, and even then it would be dangerous to make the attempt. Hear how the storm rages, and the wind howls; and the snow comes thick and fast! It is a wild time, I'm thinking, we shall have before the morning. But rest easy, miss; if, as you say, you told your mamma you were going to the village, she will believe you are safe there with Mrs. Stilton of the inn."

"I hope so," says Cissy, with a sigh.

At this moment there is a knock at the door, and somebody, without waiting for permission, opens it and walks boldly in. The new-comer is a young man of about twenty-nine, tall, and finely formed, with a well-shaped head. So much can be discerned in the shadow; and then he comes quickly up to the table, right within the ray of the lamp, so that Cissy can see him distinctly.

He is evidently "the master," the hero of the hour, the one ingredient indispensable if she would throw a touch of romance into the adventure; and therefore it is sadly dispiriting that at first sight Cissy must acknowledge him disappointing. In spite of his fine figure and commanding height, he is like anything in the world but a Greek god. In fact he is decidedly plain. His mouth is large, his nose is long, his eyes—his only redeeming feature—are a dark gray, kindly and honest. His hair does not admit of description, being cropped so closely to his head, in the prevailing fashion of the present day, as to be almost invisible. His forehead is somewhat too square, yet there is a gentleness, a brightness, and withal an amount of strength about his face that redeems its want of beauty.

"May I come in, Mrs. Richards?" says the young man, with a smile that lights his whole face—perhaps he is smiling at the absurdity of his question, delivered from the middle of the room.

Mrs. Richards courtesies and bids him welcome. Then he comes a little nearer, even to the hearth-rug, and addresses himself to his unexpected guest.

"Peters has just told me of your unlucky whim," he says, politely. "I am so sorry about it, but glad more than I can say that you found your way here."

He is gazing with suppressed, but evident curiosity at the pretty girl, who appears half lost in the embrace of the big arm-chair, and who has raised herself and is gazing back at him shyly, with heightened color, but clear earnest eyes.

"I hope you are quite comfortable," he goes on, with increased cordiality, now he has seen her. "I know Mrs. Richards has done all she can for you; but"—hospitably—"dinner is ready, and you must be hungry, you know, and I thought I would come in myself and ask you to dine with me. There is nobody but myself."

This wind-up to his speech is so naive that Miss Rivers has much ado to suppress the smile that lurks in the corners of her mouth, threatening every moment to betray her. This is an adventure with a vengeance! She begins to feel like a heroine in a novel, all but in one point. He is right; she is hungry, disgracefully, most unromantically hungry, and thinks with a pleasure not to be subdued of the dinner beyond.

An hour ago when first she arrived, she had felt too exhausted to partake of anything Mrs. Richards had laid before her; but, now that recovery had set in and warmth and rest have done their work, she can no longer help remembering she has eaten nothing since two o'clock, and that it is now almost seven. Yet will it not be rather a strange thing to dine *tete-a-tete* with her unknown host? And yet again, will it not seem prudish to refuse, as evidently he sees nothing in it? In her perplexity she glances appealingly at the only other woman in the room.

Mrs. Richards is equal to the occasion.

"I think, Miss Rivers, some dinner will do you good," she says, respectfully. "You have eaten nothing since you came. And, if you will permit me, I shall have a cup of tea for you here directly dinner is at an end."

Now this last is a master-stroke on the part of Mrs. Richards! It gives Cissy a feeling of protection, a sort of conviction that she belongs to Mrs. Richards, and that—though parted from her for a little while—she will ultimately be expected to return and deliver herself up to her rightful owner.

She smiles at Mr. Craven—Cissy's smile is a "thing of beauty and joy forever"—and, rising, accepts the arm he offers her, and walks away with him demurely to the dining-room. With the utmost gravity, yet with a good deal of pleasant converse, they both get through a capital dinner; and, by the time it is ended, they discover they both know almost everything it is necessary to know about each other.

Cissy has had a little claret, has eaten all the walnuts Mr. Craven has broken for her, and an unlimited supply of candied fruit, when an ormolu clock somewhere behind her tinkles softly. She starts a little, and turning, sees it on the chimney-piece, and that it is half-past eight.

"So late!" she murmurs. "Who could have believed it?"

She glances at her host, her face full of genuine surprise, and he feels intensely flattered.

"I am so glad you haven't felt bored," he says, politely, carefully suppressing the warmth he could willingly have thrown into his tone.

"Bored! No, indeed!" But here memory whispers in her ear. Her expression changes, and she glances involuntarily toward one of the windows.

"I could quite say I have enjoyed myself," she says, with a rather pensive smile, "if I were positive mamma is not at this moment enduring agonies of fright on my account."

She rises from her chair; so does Mr. Craven from his; and, as though divining her thought, he goes to the window, opens the shutters, and, throwing up the sash, they both gaze upon the thick darkness without. It is still snowing. Upon the sill the flakes have grown and mounted, until they have reached the first pane. With a shiver he pulls down the sash, and they return to the grateful fire.

"You may be sure she believes you safe in the village, under Mrs. Stilton's care," he says, soothingly, anxious to restore her to peace of mind.

"She may, if she has not sent a messenger to the village to inquire," is the doubtful answer.

"Oh, no! She wouldn't do that, you know, such a severe night. Who would go? I'm quite convinced she hasn't done that," he asserts, earnestly, though it would have puzzled him to give a reason for his assertion.

"You think she has not?" asks Cecil, still doubtfully, though longing to feel as convinced on the subject as he—apparently—is. Some hope revives within her as she remembers that the servants in her house are as ignorant of their way to the village as the servants in this.

"I know it," returns Mr. Craven, with considerable force; "she would, of course, wait until the morning. Why, it would be inhuman, actually unsafe, I think, to send any one abroad on such a night as this."

"And mamma is not inhuman!" murmurs Cecil, with a slight smile, staring thoughtfully into the glowing coals beneath her.

Over the chimney-piece is a large picture, finely painted. It represents an elderly lady, with a charming face, with brown hair arranged in little curls on either cheek, a handsome bust, generously displayed, a waist well under her arms, and a small foot protruding from beneath the satin gown that partly covers her. It is the foot that attracts Cecil's attention. It is very small, and clad in black velvet. She laughs.

"I hope you are not making merry over my elderly relative," says Mr. Craven, severely.

"Far be it from me; she is much too uncomfortably dignified to excite mirth in any one. I was only thinking of that old adage; 'It is ill waiting for dead men's shoes,' and wondering whether it is as 'ill' to wait for a dead woman's, because I am sure I am at this moment wearing your—" She hesitates.

"Great-grandmother?" he prompts.

"Great-grandmother's slippers," concludes Cissy, laughing again, and looking down at her velvet shoe, the very fac-simile of that worn by the dead and gone grandam.

"What miraculously small feet my great-grandmother must have had!" says Mr. Craven solemnly, regarding her foot with interest.

"Oh, no! These shoes are quite loose on me," she replies, innocently.

"I can see that," he remarks, unwisely, and regrets his speech a second later, when to his chagrin the pretty foot is hastily withdrawn.

A silence follows, and then Miss Rivers, as though the thought has just occurred to her, says gently—

"I must now bid you good-night, and go to Mrs. Richards; she has promised me tea at nine."

"But it is not nearly that yet. It wants quite a quarter to it," protests her host in a somewhat injured tone. "Pray do not hurry yourself. Do you know"—warningly—"that from the moment you join Mrs. Richards until you elect to go to bed, she will spend the time telling you old tales about the family. I know it, because I have been through it. And it is no joke. Every story is thirty minutes good, not a second less."

"How nice! I adore old stories," says Miss Rivers, sweetly.

"You won't adore hers; there's not a bit of go in them, not a murder, or a ghost, or a bone, or anything amusing from start to finish. We are a wretched lot, you know, when all is told"—alluding apologetically to his ancestors. "Don't let yourself in for it, if you love yourself."

"You greatly relieve my mind," says Cissy. "I couldn't sleep in a house where a ghost walked."

"Couldn't you? I should find even that poor excitement welcome, so dreary is my present existence. You can't think"—dejectedly—"how slow I find it here, with no society. Your coming to-night has been such a relief. Up to this I have had to endure the Major; and, though I'm generally considered rather good-natured than otherwise, he is much too much for any fellow. He was agent, you see, in my uncle's time—who never did anything—and now, before retiring from office—thank goodness, he is retiring—he insisted on coming down here with me to see after things, and behave uncivilly, and harass the very lives out of my unfortunate tenants."

"Why do you let him?" reproachfully.

"I am afraid to interfere; and besides, it doesn't matter much, because he can't stay long; and I'll make it up to them afterward. The gout overlook him yesterday. I'm devoutly thankful that it came down upon him heavily, as I have been spared his inane twaddle for a few hours at least."

"Poor man!" says Cissy, vaguely, leaving it doubtful whether she intends her sympathy for the Major or his wearied friend.

"I have often wished I hadn't come here at all," continues Mr. Craven; "my place in Kent is so much prettier and far more comfortable; but I was obliged to do so. He talked me into it. But now"—warmly—"I feel I owe even the Major a debt of gratitude, as my coming has enabled me to be of some slight use to you."

"Even that miserable solace is denied you," returns Miss Cissy, with a calm smile, "if you reflect that, even if you had remained in Kent, Mrs. Richards would still have taken me in, and been very good to me."

"True," rejoins her crest-fallen host; "I have not been of much service to you, after all—have I?"

Cissy is conscience-stricken.

"Yes, indeed you have!" she says impulsively. "It wasn't civil of me to say that, was it, when you have been more than kind to me?" Then, as though ashamed of her amiability, she goes on hurriedly, with a rather brilliant color—"Good-night, Mr. Craven; I must go, or Mrs. Richards will think I have vanished in as mysterious a manner as I came."

"You consign me to solitude?"—half-jestingly, half in reproach.

"A cigar will no doubt console you effectually."

"And Mrs. Richards's company will be a relief to you. I shouldn't, of course, dream of doing combat with a woman of Mrs. Richards's attractions. May I show you the way to her room? As yet the house is strange to you. She has tea at nine, I believe you said"—with a calm glance, but a faint accession of color that betrays itself even beneath the bronze that Egypt has lent to his face. "Do you—do you think, if I ask her, she would give me some? If there is anything on earth I covet, it is a cup of tea at nine."

"You know Mrs. Richards four days longer than I do," answers Miss Cissy, coolly; "you can ask her."

So he does ask her after a short preamble about nothing in particular. Mrs. Richards makes her Sunday courtesy, and assures him she will feel it a great honor to entertain him; whereupon he thanks her gracefully, and, telling Miss Rivers he has some letters to answer, but will be back again in no time, he leaves her for the present. And indeed his promise holds good; because the time that elapses before he again makes his appearance is scarcely worthy of record.

CHAPTER III.

Cecil falls into a sound sleep that night almost as soon as her head touches the pillow.

All through the silent, darksome hours she lies, scarce stirring, until morning forces itself rudely through her chamber windows, morning so called; but it is dull, and dark as twilight.

Springing from her bed, Cecil runs barefooted to the window, and pushing back the curtains gazes eagerly on the outer world. Nothing but the same uniform white meets her eyes. Through the whole night the snow has fallen increasingly—even now is falling, thickly, steadily, as when she last watched it yesternight.

The drive below is on a level with the grassy banks on either side; the firtrees are bending to the very earth, so weighty is their dazzling burden. Upon the window-sill a little brown bird lies dead, pathetic in its stiff and mournful quiet.

Cissy, putting out her hand, raises it, and tries to warm it into life again within her hands and bosom, but to no avail, and sadly she lays it where she found it, and heaps a tiny mound of snow upon it. And then, shivering, she closes the window and rings her bell for one of the maids.

She dresses rapidly, though with a mind pre-occupied. The prospect of having to spend another day at Oaklands, with no chance of letting her mother know of her safety, fills her with anguish. Depressed, but pretty; perplexed, but indescribably charming, in her soft, navy-blue serge gown, with some old lace ruffles, borrowed from Mrs. Richards, or rather from her host's ancestors, at her throat and wrists, she goes dejectedly down-stairs in the direction of the housekeeper's room.

Being obliged to pass the library on her way thither, she encounters Mr. Craven emerging from it, some letters in his hands. He bids her good-morning in his most genial tone, hopes she has slept well, and that she has not suffered from yesterday's imprudence. Miss Rivers thanks him sweetly, and tells him she has slept well, and that, so far as she can judge at present, she has not succumbed to cold. Then the lachrymose expression returns to her face, and she says mournfully—

"Did you ever see such a day! Worse than yesterday. What shall I do about mamma?"

"I have arranged all that," answered her host, pleasantly. "The post-boy—wretched young fellow!—plowed his way up here as usual, this morning, in spite of wind and weather, and he undertook to show one of my men the way to Branksmere. So I wrote your mother a polite and reassuring note, to say you were all right with Mrs. Richards, but that I feared you could not return to-day, as no horse could travel."

"Oh, how good of you!" says Cecil, gladly. "How can I thank you enough! You have taken quite a load off my mind, and made my heart as light as a feather. But I wish you had told me before you sent your messenger, as I too should have liked to write mamma a little note."

"It was so early"—gently—"and I hoped you were sleeping. And I would not for worlds have had you disturbed after all the fatigue you experienced yesterday."

Miss Rivers is touched by his kindness and thoughtfulness.

"How well you can think for other people!" she says, a little vaguely, but gratefully, giving him the cool, slim hand she had willfully withheld when wishing him good-morning. Only for a moment, though. Hastily withdrawing it, almost before his willing fingers have closed over it, she says, gayly, "How is your friend, the Major?"

"Better—much better," he returns, in a tone that would lead one to imagine he had said, "Worse—much worse." "He even spoke of being able to get down this evening in time for dinner. But"—with mock solemnity—"the day is long, and gout is not trustworthy."

"Then I shall dine with Mrs. Richards," says Cecil, reflectively, and as though, little hypocrite that she is—the idea is rather pleasurable to her than otherwise. "And that reminds me"—quickly—"I shall also breakfast with her. Good-bye"—nodding to him brightly, and moving on a step or two, until he stays her by an imploring gesture.

"You won't breakfast with me, then? How rash of you! Peters, I am positive, can provide twice as good a breakfast as Mrs. Richards. Don't sacrifice yourself on the altar of duty."

"I sha'n't. I, for my part, believe firmly in Richards. She looks like a good breakfast. By and bye, when we meet again, if indeed"—with a quick glance from under her long lashes which is full of coquetry in spite of all her stern resolves—"we ever do meet again—I expect you will be consumed with envy when I tell you of all the nice things I have to eat."

"Well, rush upon your fate if you will," he replies. "But at least let us make a bargain. If Peters outdoes Richards, will you promise to throw yourself on his tender mercies to-morrow? The old gentleman"—waving his hand upward to where the Major's room may be—"never enchants me with his society before noon."

"A bargain it shall be," rejoins Miss Rivers promptly. "But, if you lose, you sha'n't get any breakfast at all. That is my amendment."

"I'll risk even that for the chance of the alternative," he says gallantly. "I think, Miss Rivers, you expressed a wish to see the picture-gallery—didn't you?"

"I should like it so much," answers Cissy. "It is now"—drawing out her watch—"a quarter to ten; at twelve I shall be ready to pay my respects to the old people. Will that hour suit you? Yes. Very well then"—with a backward glance, and a smile charming because swift, "He sure you are not late!"

He is not. Indeed, it still wants fully five minutes to the appointed hour when he presents himself at the door of Mrs. Richards's parlor, to find his guest awaiting him.

The picture-gallery proves a complete success. Miss Rivers, her mind at rest about her mother's anxiety on her behalf, is in her gayest mood, and declares herself, and is in very truth, enchanted with the endless rows of simpering dames and dauntless knights that line the walls. She insists upon hearing every dark legend connected with the grim warriors, every romantic and eerie tale about their wives.

"This gaunt spinster," says Mr. Craven, indicating a withered damsel of sour aspect, "was a lady of advanced notions. In our days she would have gone in heavily for woman's rights. Perhaps"—hesitating—"you agree with—"

Here he stops, abashed by her reproachful look.

"How could you so misjudge me?" she says. "Do I look like one of those awful people?"

She stands a little back from him, as though imploring him to assure himself now and forever that she is not of the abhorred race. She certainly does not look like it—not in the least like anything awful or abhorred; and he tells her so mildly, as far as words go, but with considerable warmth if she can read his eyes aright.

It is a pleasant morning, in spite of the wind and the never-ceasing snow; and when luncheon is at an end Mr. Craven proposes a game at billiards, to which Cecil, who plays as badly as most women, willingly assents. In the middle of the third game she grows absent, and forgets to play; and her host, looking at her, sees a smile creep over her face.

"What is amusing you now?" he asks, smiling, too, out of pure sympathy.

Miss Rivers starts, and looks a little ashamed of herself.

"I have a horrid trick of laughing when amused," she says, demurely; "and it came to me just now that the whole thing is so absurdly funny. Don't you agree with me?"

"I am positive I should," he replies, "if I had even the faintest idea to what you are alluding."

"Why, my presence in this house. Here you are, doing all you know to amuse me—an undesired guest."

"Certainly not that," he says, with rather more earnestness than the occasion demands.

"Well, at least, an uninvited one," she corrects impatiently, the smile fading. "I am afraid you are growing tired to death," says the young man, with some pain in his voice, laying down his cue and coming to her side. "Of course you are; it is only natural. It is so slow for you here, being locked up in a place against your will, with nothing to amuse you. That is the worst of being a bachelor. If now," he continues, dejectedly, "I had a wife, you might be so much happier, and could talk about dress, you know, and that."

"Yes; and bonnets, and servants. How well you understand women!" says Miss Rivers, curtly, turning away. "Perhaps if you had a wife I should hate her."

"Then I'm downright glad I haven't, as that would make your enforced stay even more unpleasant to you than it is," he returns, a little bitterly.

"Did I say I was bored, or found things slow, or that I found anything here unpleasant?" she demands, slowly. "I don't remember making such remarks."

"Well, you looked it, you know," he replies, still somewhat aggrieved.

"What, all that? Bored and slow—and unpleasant!"—softly. "How rude you are!"

"You misunderstand," he begins, warmly.

"Nobody ever made me such an uncomplimentary speech before. I think you needn't call me bad names," she interrupts, meekly, turning a red ball round and round between her pretty white hands.

"You know I didn't mean that," he exclaims, eagerly, and is probably going to say a good deal more, when she raises her eyes, and he, seeing the mischief lying in them, foregoes further explanation and joins in her merry laugh.

"Shall we finish this long-suffering game," she asks, lightly, "and put off our discussion till another day? Go on; it is your turn."

So he goes again to the table, and, by the aid of fragrant bad play and an evident determination not to hit anything whatever, compels her to win the game.

"Shall we play another? You should give me my revenge," he says, seeing her lay down her cue, and fearing lest a thought of Mrs. Richards may be again possessing her.

"No, you play too badly," she answers, calmly.

Now he is the best billiard-player at his club, and is, moreover, rather proud of the fact, yet he bears this aspersion on his skill with the most exemplary patience, making not the smallest protest.

"Time may improve me," he says, with an impassive countenance. "Give me one more chance."

"What a hypocrite you are!" returns Miss Cecil, with startling promptitude. "Don't you think I read your determination to give me that game? And I thought it so silly! No, I shall not play again with you until practice has made me more perfect. Will you come and show me the china in the small drawing-room? Richards says it is lovely, and that it is locked up in the ebony cabinets."

"I am not very well up in china, but they say my uncle's collection is rather fine," he replies, delighted at the prospect of having her with him for at least another hour.

And together they go to the drawing-room and ransack the cabinets. Some tiny tea-cups of the reign of Queen Anne raise in Cissy's bosom feelings of the most intense admiration.

"What a darling!" she says, taking out a cup and laying it on her palm. "Such a little pet, and so pretty."

They are both kneeling before the cabinet, and are, therefore, close together. In his heart Mr. Craven thinks every word of praise she has uttered to the cup might be applied to herself.

"Keep it," he says, genially, alluding to the cup. "Take anything you like. There's any number of them. And it's a pity to leave them there, you know, when I don't care about them."

"Oh, no, thank you!"—coloring hotly, and putting back the tea-cup hastily. "I would not spoil the set for anything."

"Then take the whole set, if you fancy them," he entreats. "I really wish you would. Nobody here ever looks at them."

"Not now. But"—mischievously—"that wife you spoke of so confidently a little while ago, she will like to look at them by and by."

"Will she?"—thoughtfully. He stares intently for a moment or two at Miss Rivers as she kneels beside him—perhaps the attitude suggests visions of a possible altar; and then he says, rather irrelevantly, "You are very fond of china, are you not?"

"Well, yes, rather," she replies; and then, conquering an inclination to laugh, she rises to her feet and goes over to the fire-place. "I think you said this morning your friend was much better," she says, presently, more from a desire to make conversation than from any overpowering interest in the Major. "Is he still growing toward perfection?"

"Yes"—in a mournful tone—"he is decidedly better. There is no hope. He is coming down to dinner. Nothing would prevent him, though I sent several messages, beautifully worded, to say I thought it foolish to make too free just at first, and that draughts were dangerous."

"Messages never succeed. Why did you not go in person?"

"He wouldn't let me in—wouldn't see me at any price. I made one or two noble efforts to carry his chamber by assault when first he was laid up—thinking it inhuman not to show some interest in him—but was repulsed with great slaughter. 'No admittance to strangers' should be posted on his door, as no one dares enter it but his own man."

"How mysterious! But why?"

"That is just what I am not in a position to tell you, never having been there. I suspect"—solemnly—"that he gets himself up—goes in heavily for paint and powder, wigs and teeth, and so on; and, when in bed, without all these attractive appliances, is a complete wreck—'sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!'"

"What a glowing picture!" says Cissy; and then again, "What an unpleasant old person!"

"Oh, he's all that," assents Mr. Craven, agreeably, "and a good deal more! When a fellow is pretty well on in years, and certain portions of him have dropped away, such as hair and teeth, why can't he confess it? The Major would die first. He abhors wrinkles, and thinks gray hair rude. When he shows up in all his war paint, he is perfectly ghastly."

"You make me long to know him. Your description reminds me of a friend of my own," says Cissy, with an amused laugh. "May I ask this hero's name?"

"You shall have all the information in my power. He served in the—th Lancers some few centuries ago. He lives at a place called Lynn Hall, in Kent—oh, that he was there now!—and he rejoices in the name of Jervis."

"What!" cries Cissy, faintly. "Lynn Hall! Jervis!" Her breath comes quickly, and she pauses as though the news just imparted has been too much for her. Then she goes on hastily—"You say he is coming down to dinner; he may come here, to this very room. Mr. Craven, forgive me; but I must run."

"But why?" demands her puzzled host, detaining her.

"He is my uncle's dearest friend. And my uncle is to leave us all his money; and he is as particular as you please, and so old-fashioned; and if he heard through this dreadful old man of my being here for two days, snowed up alone with—without mamma, or any one, he would disinherit me," winds up Miss Rivers, breathless and incoherent.

"But does Jervis know you—personally, I mean?"

"Yes, intimately, and he owes me many a grudge, because Ronnie and I can't bear him, and have often been very rude to him," acknowledges Cissy, in a distressed tone. "He used to worry so. There is no end to the mischief he would make out of this if he knew of my being here. I do hope he has not heard my name mentioned by the servants."

"He sha'n't hear anything," says her host, reassuringly; "but—"

At this moment a heavy step in the hall outside, drawing every instant nearer and nearer, fills the hearts of the two within with dismay.

"He is coming," he whispers.

"Oh, what is to become of me?" she murmurs, looking wildly around in search of a sanctuary—trying to discover some faint chance of escape. No such chance presents itself. Already the owner of the heavy step has touched the handle of the door; but not before a bright idea has dawned in Mr. Craven's mind.

"There is an anteroom, a large closet—come with me, quickly," he says, grasping her hand, and leading her across the fire-lit room to where some crimson curtains hang, apparently without aim or purpose. Pushing them aside he discloses a door. Opening it hurriedly, he entreats her to enter the tiny room beyond.

She obeys him instinctively, but whispers nervously as she sees him going—

"Do not leave me here long. It is dreadfully dark, and I do so hate being without light."

He can only look a reply, which she does not see, and has barely time to close her in, and get back to the fire, before the Major comes slowly up to him.

"Horrid cold house!" says the new arrival, in a grating tone. "Ugh, ugh!"—coughing—"reminds one of a vault!"

"I am afraid you have come to the very coldest room in it, the library is much more comfortable; you don't take half care of yourself," says the young man with great concern, wondering wildly how he shall get him out of the room again.

Night has fallen, and only the glow of the brilliant fire throws light upon the somber apartment. All the corners lie in shadow, only the hearth-rug and part of the carpet stand revealed.

"I've been there," returns the Major, irritably. "It nearly froze me. Barely got off alive. And there isn't a chair in it fit to sit on."

"The dining-room," begins Craven, weakly, at his wits' end, but the Major stops him.

"And dinner preparing"—in disgust. "If there's one thing I hate, it is being in a place where servants are fussing and rattling plates and silver. One has eaten one's dinner in anticipation long before one gets it. No, thank you. I shall stay here until the gong sounds; it's a degree less depressing than the other rooms."

Driven to this pass Mr. Craven fails to thinking, and happily remembers how Richards, when showing him the house, had told him of a second door leading from the closet where Cissy is imprisoned into the dining-room, if only the key of this door can be produced!

Making some frivolous excuse, he forsakes the Major, and, rushing headlong through the hall, bursts like a whirlwind into Mrs. Richards's parlor, and asks her, with incoherent anxiety, if the key he hopes for is still in existence.

She thinks so—with maddening hesitation—but is afraid she can not lay her hand on it at this particular moment, that is, unless—

Here she pauses, and meditates for some time, unconscious, dear soul, of the torments her master is enduring. When she has thought it out carefully, and when the young man is almost on the verge of lunacy, she recollects all about it, and, with a smiling countenance, delivers the key to him.

Seizing it joyfully, he speeds toward the second door, cries, "Open sesame," and enters eagerly—only to find the anteroom empty and the bird flown!

Horrible visions of discovery, and consequences of the most unpleasant nature, crowd upon his brain as he goes back to the small drawing-room, expecting to find the Major irate and indignant, and Miss Rivers in the midst of angry argument. But no, The Major is in his chair, serene, sleepy. There is no sound of discord, not the faintest sign of Miss Rivers's presence anywhere!

[*To be Continued.*]

A GENEROUS ARISTOCRAT.

A Lady of Fashion Not Too Proud to Help a Little Match Girl.

"Ma-a-tchis! matchis, ma-a-tchis? Three for five, ma-a-tchis!" cried a thin child's voice on Chestnut street, just below Broad, on Saturday afternoon. The voice belonged to a girl less than a yard high, who had big pleading blue eyes and a pert mouth. The blue-eyed child persistently offered her wares to a man who was walking with a very stylishly dressed young lady.

"Go away!" said a man in a gruff tone.

"Ah, the poor little thing," cried the young woman. "Why don't you buy some of her matches, Fred? I'll do it myself. Here little girl," opening a sealskin reticule and fishing out some coins with her daintily gloved hand. "She's very neatly clad and looks as though she had a good mother. I just believe I'll make her a present," and, suiting the action to the word, she opened her fur coat and unfastened a knot of bright cherry ribbon that caught up a loop in her black silk dress. Then she quickly pinned the knot on the child's gray hood, and patting the pink cheek, turned away.

"What in the world made you do that," demanded the man, evidently much annoyed.

"Oh, why, it will please the poor mother so to think that some one has noticed her sweet-faced child," was the young lady's reply, and the two went down the street.

A tall, red-faced Irishman had been standing on the curb watching the performance with keen interest.

"That young lady is better nor the Quane of England," he remarked, looking after the couple. "Be the powers, O could go down on me knase and worship a beautiful crayther loike that, as isn't ashamed to do a koind act to the poor with her own swate hands."—[Philadelphia Press.

A Curious Announcement.

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the walls of a village near Dundee: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

Cheated Out of his Dues.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - FEBRUARY, 26 1886.

WITH the single exception of Daniel O'Connell, all the great leaders of Catholic Ireland have been Protestants. Their names are Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmett, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, Isaac Butt and Charles S. Parnell.

OWING to the the heavy draft upon his salary resulting from the generous hospitalities attendant upon his official position, as well as to the numerous charitable purposes to which he responded, and especially those growing out of the war, Gen. Hancock died a poor man. Immediately after his death a movement was made in New York by Generals William F. Smith, T. L. Crittenden and other army officers who knew the dead hero and appreciated his sterling worth, to raise an adequate fund for his widow. The project has met with liberal and praiseworthy encouragement. Several gentlemen, including Mr. Tilden, Geo. W. Childs and A. J. Drexel, the two latter being from Philadelphia, having contributed $1,000, many others $500, and a large number $250. The fund now amounts to about $30,000, and it is expected that it will ultimately reach double that sum. The widow of the hero of Gettysburg, who didn't know what fear was when his sword was unsheathed in battle, deserves to be taken care of, and will be. The citizens of the Republic who can afford to do so will see to it that the condition in life of the widow of the brilliant and dashing Hancock shall be made comfortable.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the Fitz John Porter bill expressly declares that he shall not receive any back pay, the Johnstown *Tribune* undertakes to mislead its readers by saying that "if Fitz John Porter is reinstated in the army, the next thing will be the restoring to him of about a hundred thousand dollars of back pay, which amount he would have received had he not been cashiered, etc." The bill, as we have stated, in direct terms excludes all idea of pay from the time of the sentence of the court-martial, up to the time the bill now before Congress becomes a law, if it passes and is appooved by the President. Fitz John Porter is not seeking to get one farthing from the public treasury. He simply asks Congress to wipe out and expunge the sentence of a military court founded on an imperfect and one-sided investigation of the case, and to do him that plain justice to which the subsequent military board, composed of Generals Schofield, Terry and Getty, said in its exhaustive report after several months' examination of the facts, he was clearly entitled, and which General Grant, who had patiently and thoroughly investigated the entire case, so stoutly maintained should be meted out to him. The *Tribune* will never be happy as long as there is a prospect that justice will be done to Fitz John Porter.

IT is an old saying that corporations have no souls, and although this may not be literally true of all corporate bodies, it is emphatically true of a railroad company in Indiana, as the following statement abundantly proves: About four years ago William Guyton was a brakeman on a train on the Evansville and Terre Haute railroad. His train collided with a freight. Guyton was wedged between the tender and caboose, but succeeded in extricating himself. He was badly injured and bleeding profusely, but remembered that a passenger train was due in five minutes. He gathered himself up, tied his handkerchief around his mangled hand, and with a red flag staggered up the track to warn the approaching train. Twice he fell exhausted and weak, but with indomitable pluck he arose each time and reached a trestle five hundred yards from the collision just as the passenger train came up. His signal was seen, thus preventing serious loss of life. Then the brave fellow fainted and remained unconscious for two days. He finally recovered, but was crippled for life. He presented the physician's bill to the railroad company, but payment was refused. Suit was then instituted for $10,000 damages, and after several changes of venue and other delays a jury one day last week rendered a verdict giving Guyton $5,083 damages.

THE strike of the Westmoreland and Fayette coke workers was ended on Saturday last by the operators agreeing to pay the advance in wages demanded by the strikers. This arrangement is satisfactory to all the strikers except the Hungarians, who declare that they will refuse to go to work until quite a number of their countrymen who are now in jail on a charge of riot, are released. The owners of the coke works have no control over the imprisoned rioters and, of course, could not order their release though they might consent to it by throwing no obstacle in the way. The prisoners can only be discharged in a legal manner and the Hungarians, who are ignorant of our laws, no doubt by this time understand the situation. In arriving at a settlement of the matter it does not appear that anything was definitely determined in regard to the store order business, which has always been alleged as having been at the bottom of the difficulty, although it is said that the operators gave assurances that all reasons for complaint by the employes on that account would be removed. The sympathies of the public throughout this contention have unquestionably been with the ignorant Hungarians, who were brought into the coke regions to work at starvation prices and thereby drive American labor out. The coke operators have been taught a lesson by the strike which will no doubt be of good service to them in the future. It is a good thing for thousands of men who work in iron, to say nothing of the cokers and coal miners, that the strike has ended, and that coke making in all its branches has been resumed.

It has long been believed by those who were somewhat familiar with the subject, that an immense amount of fraud and peculation was connected with the management of the Soldiers' Orphans' Schools. That this belief is well founded was demonstrated by the Philapelphia *Record* on Monday last, in a six column article devoted exclusively to the management of these schools. The *Record* article establishes the fact that nine ont of the ten schools of the State are conducted for speculative purposes, and that four of them, those located at Mount Joy, Chester Springs, McAllisterville and Mercer, are owned and run by a combination consisting of George W. Wright, an ex-State Senator from Mercer county, and James L. Paul, who, up until the first of January, strange as it may seem, was Chief Clerk of the Department of Orphans' Schools at Harrisburg. Out of these four schools these men, by their peculiar system of mismanagement, have profited to the extent of about $50,000 each year. These schools are not directly managed by the State, but those who have control of them are paid a specific amount per week for each child, and the law requires that they shall be fed and clothed in addition to their instruction in educational and industrial pursuits. The requirements of the law have been shamelessly disregarded, and the munificent bounty of the State, freely bestowed for a noble purpose, has been diverted from its legitimate channel to enrich the pockets of a set of speculating scoundrels. The *Record* article is so startling in its details that a speedy and thorough investigation into their truth will no doubt be instituted by Governor Pattison. The soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, who have always manifested a deep solicitude in the welfare of the schools, avow their determination to have the matter probed to the bottom and that no guilty man shall escape. The State appropriates $350,000 annually for the support of the schools, and since they were organized in 1866 the aggregate appropriations have amounted to eight millions of dollars.

THE Fitz John Porter bill passed the lower branch of Congress on yesterday week by a vote of 171 yeas, to 113 nays. Twelve Republicans voted in favor of the bill, two of whom are from this State, viz: Thomas M. Bayne, who represents one of the Allegheny county districts, and Alfred C. Harmer, of the Fifth Philadelphia district. The bill is now in the Senate and it is believed by its friends that it will pass that body. Just before the bill passed the House Ex-Governor Curtin delivered a very able speech in its favor, in the course of which, speaking of Porter, he said: "I know the man well, sir. He was the first military officer of this government who came to me at the beginning of the war, and of all the men who did come—and there were many—he was the mos faithful, vigilant, active and intelligent." And again: "If Fitz John Porter is a traitor I am one." The concluding speech in favor of the bill was made by General Bragg, of Wisconsin, who fought under Porter at the second Bull Run Battle, and who was perfectly familiar with all of Porter's military movements. The most remarkable feature of the debate was a statement made by General James S. Negley, who represents the Pittsburg district, who charged Porter with secretly advising Gen. Robert Patterson, of this State, who commanded at Harper's Ferry, against a movement intended to prevent the junction of the forces of the rebel Generals Johnston and Beauregard, before the first battle of Bull Run, and which, if executed in time, might have prevented the defeat of the Union arms in that engagement. This, of course, is a bald, naked lie, and if that noble old Irish-American patriot, Gen. Patterson, who fought in the war of 1812, the Mexican war and the late civil war, was not in his grave, and his lips sealed, Negley never would have given utterance to such an unfounded accusation.

JOHN B. GOUGH, the eloquent temperance lecturer, died in Philadelphia on yesterday week, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis which he sustained in that city on the previous Monday, while lecturing on his favorite subject. He was an Englishman by birth, and was in the 69th year of his age. He came to this country about forty-five years ago, and two or three years afterwards, having then quit drinking, to which he had been a submissive slave, he began his career as a temperance lecturer at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1843. From that time up to his death he kept straight on delivering temperance lectures in all parts of the country, and it is estimated that he has spoken to more than nine millions of people and traveled over five hundred thousand miles in meeting his appointments. He possessed wonderful power over his audiences and his oratory was of a kind that swayed the multitude and appealed directly to the conscience and self-interest of the victims of intemperance. He had probably converted more drunkards than any man that ever lived in this country. He never believed that men could be made temperate by a Constitutional Prohibitory Amendment, but endeavored to enforce the principles he advocated by aiming his efforts at individual reformation. He had no equal as an effective advocate of and a tireless worker in the true cause of temperance, and it is entirely safe to say that in that cause one man like John B. Gough is worth more than all the prohibitory amendments that may be adopted from now until the end of the present century.

A REMARKABLE and instructive illustration of intemperate temperance legislation was brought to the surface in the Iowa Legislature on Saturday last, by the introduction of a bill into Senate prohibiting teachers, members of college faculties, State and County Superintendents, and members of the State Board of Examiners from using alcoholic and narcotic stimulants. This performance in a Prohibition State is a howling burlesque on the cause of temperance and casts all discussion of the proceeding into the shade.

KEEP your mouth shut and your eyes open.

PARNELL AND GLADSTONE.

Ireland's well-wishers will scan narrowly the allusions to the new Government's Irish policy made on the re-assembling of Parliament on Thursday. But because Mr. Gladstone's declarations at the outset are less definite than could be wished, we will not hold him convicted of the perfidy and vacillation which the Tories artfully impute to him. We can safely credit Mr. Parnell with a thorough knowledge of the game begun in the British House of Commons, and as long as he vouches for the right intentions and staunch faith of the Liberal Cabinet, we can suppress impatience at a few weeks' delay. Irish patriots, indeed, will be more likely to allow time for preparation to an English statesman pledged to restore the Dublin Parliament, now that the Tories have thrown off the mask, and acknowledged that from them no repeal of the Act of Union can be looked for.

Let us mark exactly what took place in the House of Commons on Thursday evening. Mr. Gladstone said that he should shortly propose measures of a substantive character with regard to Ireland, dealing with the three questions of social order, of land tenure and of Government; and a specific method of solving the last-named problem would be propounded. The promotion of order, he said, would not be sought by a recurrence to coercion, and this negative assurance should be weighed in connection with the announcement previously made by the Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Morley, that steps would be taken to suspend evictions, which, now that boycotting prevents the acquisition of new tenants, are inspired by animosity rather than by any hope of gain. But are we to infer that the three subjects of reform are to be taken up successively, as they were mentioned, and not simultaneously? Upon this very inquiry being pressed by Mr. Plunkett, a Conservative, we are told that Mr. Gladstone emphatically shook his head. He could not, of course, plead ignorance of what was distinctly recalled to him in the course of the same evening, that, namely, the time has gone by when Ireland will be put off with half a loaf, and that it is the ultimatum of his Parnellite allies that a scheme of land purchase shall not precede, but accompany a project of Home Rule. Finally, as to the date at which a detailed statement of the Premier's plans might be expected, this it was affirmed would not be later than March 22, by which time the urgent financial business would be disposed of.

The Tories evidently count on this delay's provoking irritation and suspicion in the Irish party. They are trying to goad the Parnellites into a tactical mistake by passing at a Carleton Club meeting a superfluous resolution to support them in demanding that the discussion of Home Rule shall precede the consideration of land reform. But Irishmen are perfectly aware that the Conservative outcasts from office will vote with them upon that or any other question which seems to offer an occasion of regaining power. They are in no special hurry, however to break with one statesman who has pledged his word to give them legislative independence, nor do they think that they would gain much by turning over the Government to men defiantly and inexorably resolved to refuse a Parliament to Ireland. In short, Irishmen comport themselves in this hour of suspense with the coolness and good sense of manhood, and not with the peevish puerility that their enemies impute to them. That they will not gratify the Tories by hasty prejudgment and premature exasperation is plain from the calm language used by Mr. Parnell in an interview with the *Tribune's* London correspondent. Pointing out the fact that it is but three days since the new Cabinet held its first meeting, the Irish chief pronounces it but reasonable that the new Ministry should have the few weeks asked for in order to elaborate the reforms proposed for Ireland. But, while he freely grants the time needed for the formation of grave measures, he is careful to say that there must be no double-dealing or shortcoming in the outcome of the Ministerial deliberations. He warns the Government that should it attempt to shelve Home Rule by an antecedent discussion, it would seriously mistake the feelings of the Irish people.

These are the words of truth and soberness, and they will be heartily approved by Irish-Americans, who have learned by the history of their adopted country that reforms involving nothing less than constitutional amendments cannot be disposed of in a day. The wisdom of our forefathers assembled in the Federal Convention and in the Conventions of the several States required years to substitute or present Constitution for the old defective Confederation. It may well take weeks to fix upon a practicable substitute for the fact of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, whose repeal must revolutionize the existing relations between those kingdoms.—*N. Y. Sun, Feb.* 20.

Stick to the Old Landmarks.

The vital difference between true Democracy and Republicanism is that the former believes in as little, and the latter in as much government as is consistent with the objects for which governments are established. Through all fluctuations of opinion in matters less essential, through all changes and inconsistencies of attitude from year to year or from generation to generation, this distinction has lasted. A Republican, whatever may be his dogmas as to hard money or soft money, foreign affairs or economic policies, can always find in the Constitution, or out of it, if need be, authority for the Government of the United States to assume and use what powers it will. A Democrat, in so far as he is a Democrat, concedes to the Federal Government no powers not expressly granted, or necessary to, and germane with, the exercise of some expressly granted power.

Is this long cherished distinction fading away? We see measure after measure brought before Congress for widening the authority and province of the Federal Goverooment—measures that, whether meant for good or evil by those who originate them, are blows at the faculty of self-reliance and at local autonomy—measures which aim to swell the central power to dangerous dimensions. Schemes to embark the United States in the business of owning and running canals and telegraph lines, schemes to educate the illiterate in the several States at the expense of the general Government, find strong advocacy in both houses of Congress. A bill which makes the United States trustee in the management of the affairs of a powerful religious sect has passed the Senate. Some of the other paternal government schemes appeared to be in a fair way to become law.

And not all Democrats can be counted on to oppose them. Indeed, they find strenuous Democratic support. It is a bad sign. It will be an evil day when any considerable portion of the Democracy throws down the main partition between itself and government-stretching Republicanism.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Three weeks ago Joe Burns, a repulsive-looking negro, committed an outrageous assault upon one Miles Fellers, of Baltimore, while on her way from the railroad depot at Martinsburg, W. Va., to a friend's house a short distance outside of the town. On last Friday morning Burns paid the penalty of his crime. At 12:45 o'clock a body of masked men, numbering from seventy-five to one hundred, approached the jail, and without much ado took Burns therefrom and dragged him to a point two miles outside of the limits of the borough and hanged him to a tree.

CLEVELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

The utter ridiculousness of the attitude of that wing of the Republican Senate that follows the Edmunds lead is shown in the proposition it makes that under related circumstances "it is the duty of the Senate to refuse its advice and consent to the proposed removals of officers, the documents and papers in reference to the supposed official or personal misconduct of whom are withheld by the Executive or any head of a department, when deemed necessary by the Senate and called for in considering the matter."

Nowhere in the Constitution, nor in establishdd and recognized precedent, is the advice and consent of the Senate, asked, required or contemplated. With regard to removals the Senate has naught to say or do. It may reject appointees arbitrarily for one cause or another, for conscientious or partisan motive, and the propriety or indecency of its motive is not to be called in question by any authority except public opinion. But it has no power to challenge removals, and this was never mere forcibly illustrated than when Garfield buried out the civil service reformers whom Hayes had put into the New York custom house, and supplanted them with Blaine men, simply because they were Blaine men. The Senate refused to reject the appointees because their predecessors had been removed without cause.

Mr. Cleveland now has the great opportunity of his term. He can defy the Senate and command the homage of the people. What they like above all things is pluck, especially when he who shows it is right. The Senate has of late years made itself more and more unpopular by encroaching, on one side, upon the prerogatives of the House and, on the other, upon the rights of the Executive. The body is constituted on a principle that is not as popular as it once was; a good many of its members are mere money bags, and some of those who lead in its councils are recognized as cold and crafty old fellows, without heart or conscience. Nothing would delight the people of the country more than to see a good strong man set them at defiance.

The Democratic party will solidly back up their President in the assertion of his right to remove their enemies for political reasons, as rapidly as he can without injury to the public service. Their chief complaint is his tardiness in doing this. His leniency and conscientious care are repaid by the hypocritical pretense of such men as Edmunds and Sherman for a different system of civil service. The Democracy see that it is a mere game to keep their retainers in place and to divide and demoralize the Democracy. A great many straight-out, but broad-minded and practical Republicans see it in the same light, and the heart of a great majority of the people is with Mr. Cleveland in his contest with the Senate.

If he will stand firm in his present position; if he will promptly reappoint every nominee who is rejected because the Senate does not get reasons for the removal of his predecessor; and if he will now proceed to turn out of office every man who was put into it because he was a Republican, Mr. Cleveland will be supported heartily by ninety-nine per cent. of his own party; he will command the respect of a very large element of the opposition; he will prove himself a great man for a great occasion, and he will enjoy a measure of popularity such as no President has commanded since Andrew Jackson grappled with the money changers and unhorsed the Congressional bulldozers. —*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

SINCE the establishment of the soldiers' orphan schools in Pennsylvania 12,807 pupils have been admitted, at an expense of upward of eight millions of dollars to the State, or about six hundred and twenty-five dollars for each pupil. For various reasons many of the orphans admitted did not complete their course, and if allowance were duly made for such were duly made it would be seen that this system of education is unduly expersive, compared with the cost of other educational institutions. It would have cost the State of Pennsylvania less to board and educate those soldiers' orphans in excellent private boarding schools and academies. Whilst the education of the soldiers' orphans is in a high degree creditable to the patriotism of Pennsylvania, it is a notorious fact that the system has been prolonged mainly through the active efforts of the school proprietors, some of whom have farmed the State appropriation with great profit to themselves. By limitation of law pupils will not be admitted to the schools after June, 1887, but before that time the proprietors will beseech the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a further extension.—*Philad'a Record.*

Eminent Men.

It may be observed that no attempt is made to hunt up out of the way or unknown places to find names to endorse Simmons Liver Regulator:

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens,
John W. Beckwith, Bishop of Ga.
General Jno. B. Gordon, U. S. Senator.
Hon. Jno. Gill Shorter, ex-Gov. of Ala.,
Rav. David Wills, D. D., President Oglethorpe College,
Bishop Pierce, of Georgia,
Judge Jas. Jackson, Supreme Court, Ga.

And did space and time permit we could fill a volume with the highest testimonials.

—The following bill, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is to be introduced in the Legislature next week: Be it enacted, etc., that any person or persons prophesying a mild winter, either from the appearance of the goose bone, the thickness of fur and corn husks, the habits of squirrels and other varmints, or any grounds whatever, shall be hanged by the neck until strangled, and shall pay a fine of $2,000. That any person or persons prophesying as to the weather immediately to follow the appearance of the ground-hog shall be imprisoned for not less than five years. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a *walking Skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at E. James' Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1.00.

—Seventy-five Morman converts from Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina and East Tennessee, left Chattanooga last week for Utah. They were congregated by the Mormon elders who are at work throughout the South, and will be followed by as many more within the next two or three weeks. There are now nearly 300 elders at work in the different Southern States.

A COLD of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrahal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 165 Hudson St., Rochester.

Catarrh.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Behold the conquorer of all kidney, liver, and urinary diseases—Hunt's Remedy. Sure cure.

—During the recent cold snap and snow storm in Florida the unsophisticated chickens greedily snapped up the first snow flakes, supposing them to be a new species of food.

—A newspaper of Beloit, Kan. says that in Clark county during a recent snow storm a large flock of sheep crowded close together, and the snow melting for a while and then freezing, fastened the whole flock together.

—An old and intimate friend of mine is Parker's Hair Balsam. I have used it five years, and could not do without it. It has stopped my hair from falling, restored its natural black color and wholly cleansed it from dandruff.—Miss Pearl Aneson, St. Louis, Mo.

—David Sholly, the maniac who last week fired a barn and shot two persons near Bloomington, Ill., was supposed to have escaped to the timber, but on Friday the charred bones of the lunatic were found in the smoking ashes, with his revolver and a gun barrel beside him.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for every one in the spring. Emigrants and travelers will find it an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils pimples, eczemas, etc., that break out on the skin—the effects of disorders in the blood, caused by sea diet and life on board ship.

—Most Reverned William Henry Elder, Roman Catholic archbishop, of Cincinnati, embarked at Queenstown on Monday for New York, on the Cunerd line Steamer Gallia. He is the bearer of the pallium sent by the pope to Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, the American cardinal designate.

—The tow-boat Joseph F. Walton struck the Newport bridge on last Friday morning, and sunk three barges containing forty-one bushels of coal. The Walton was from Pittsburg, bound for Louisville. She proceeded on her way down with the remainder of her tow. Loss $3000; no insurance.

—At Montvale, Tex., three masked men rode up to the depot, dismounted, and entering the office, covered the railroad agent, W. E. Cox, with their Winchesters. While one held Cox at bay the other two rifled the open safe and secured over $800 in currency. The money belonged to express and railroad companies.

—J. J. Waters, tho postmaster at Quincy, a small settlement in Newton county, Arkansas, has been driven away by his neighbors on account of his manner of treating persons having business at that office. At last accounts Waters and his wife were at Jasper, the county seat, and his son-in-law and a few friends were in his house, which was besieged, shots being occasionally exchanged between the parties.

—A great many persons have not learned the difference between a money order and a postal note. Money orders can be issued for any sum up to $100, and if lost can be re-issued. The fee varies according to the amount, and is from seven to forty-five cents. Postal notes are issued from one cent to $4.99, and are payable to bearer. The fee is invariably three cents. If lost they are gone and cannot be re issued. They can only be drawn on money order offices.

—The town of Wilmington, N. C., was swept by fire last Sunday. A high wind was blowing at the time, and the fire spread rapidly. The fire originated in a warehouse on the warf, and burned until 9 o'clock on Monday night. The loss is estimated at 1,000,000. Help was furnished from Goldsboro, a town twenty-eight miles north of Wilmington, but the fire literally burnt itself out. The entire business portion of the place is in ruins. There is considerable insurance.

—Special Government pension agents have been at work all over the country in sifting the pension rolls. Over 500 names have been dropped in New York city, 271 at Louisville, 128 at Knoxville. 1,752 names have already been stricken off, and more are under investigation. Every where the lists are encumbered with fraudulent names and in scores of instances pensioners long since dead have still been drawing pay, or some one for them. The lists everywhere need revision.

—A fatal encounter took place near Pineville, Ky., between a man named Lane and five men named Turner on Friday afternoon. There was an old feud existing between them. The Turners are celebrated as roughs and bad men. They were in ambush, hiding behind trees, when Lane came along the road, and they all fired upon him. Lane saw one of the Turners step from behind a tree and shot him dead. Almost immediately afterwards Lane fell, his body being pierced by several bullets.

—Speedy cure to all diseases of the kidneys or urinary organs by using Hunt's Remedy.

LIKE HIS FATHER,

He Was Afflicted with Stone in the Bladder.

Mr. S. W. Hicks, of Pleasant Valley, Duchess county, N. Y., the son of Mr. E. S. Hicks, whose name may have appeared in this journal in connection with an article similar to this, was, like his father, afflicted with Stone in the Bladder, only that his case was more serious than his father's. The father advised the son to write to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who, he said, would tell him what to do. Dr. Kennedy replied, suggesting the use of KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, which had worked so successfully in the father's case. Mr. Hicks, who had been assured by the local physicians that they could do nothing more for him, tried FAVORITE REMEDY. After two weeks' use of it he passed a stone three-fourths of an inch long and of the thickness of a pipe stem. Since then he has had no symptoms of a return of the trouble. Here is a sick man healed. What better results could have been expected? What greater benefit could medical science confer? The end was gained; that is surely enough. Dr. Kennedy assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to imperil, that the FAVOIITE REMEDY does invigorate the blood, cures liver, kidney and bladder complaints, as well as all those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

Thousands of Grateful People voluntarily testify in letters to Dr. Kennedy, with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business documents and certificates never possess, that "Favorite Remedy," the great specific for blood, liver and kidney disorders, has done for them and their friends.

PLAID SHAWL GIVEN AWAY!

Through the failure of a large manufacturer of Cashmere Pattern Fringe Shawls, there has come into our hands a large consignment of Plaid Shawls, perfect goods, which we propose to present to the ladies in the following manner: Send us 25 cents for 3 mos. subscription to Farm and Household, a large 32 page illustrated paper, devoted to Farm and Household topics, Stories and general miscellany, and we will send you one of these beautiful shawls FREE by mail postpaid, or we will send 4 shawls and 5 subscriptions to one address for $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, Box 49, Hartford, Conn.

CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!

A new House every 16 days in the last 8 years. Our village, only 32 months old, has 5 stores, 2 hotels, 2 churches, school, sawmill, factory, foundry, 4 steamboats, 2 trains and 3 mails daily. Land rapidly advancing. Send, send, send **by all means**, send for circulars with maps, 36 Photographic views of houses, all about the wonderful growth of our colony, its soil, climate, markets, business opportunities, health, prices, terms, and 96 other distinct subjects. Farms for $200 on monthly installments to those now employed, without leaving their situation. Address J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Surry Co., Va.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE GREAT REGULATOR

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR — S L R

—PURELY VEGETABLE.—

—ARE YOU— **BILIOUS?**

The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious Attacks or any Disease caused by a disarranged state of the Liver. W. H. BERNARD, Kansas City, Mo.

DO YOU WANT GOOD **DIGESTION?**

I suffered intensely with **Full Stomach, Headache,** etc. A neighbor who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong and hearty as I ever was. **It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.**

H. G. CRENSHAW, Richmond, Va.

DO YOU Suffer from **CONSTIPATION?**

Testimony of HIRAM WARNER, Chief-Justice of Ga.: "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for Constipation of my Bowels, caused by a temporary Derangement of the Liver for the last three or four years, and always with decided benefit."

SAFER AND BETTER THAN CALOMEL! I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel, which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief, **without any interruption to business.** J. HUGG, Middlebury, Ohio.

ONLY GENUINE!

MANUFACTURED BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PRICE, $1.00.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM IS WORTH $1,000 TO ANY MAN Woman or Child Suffering from CATARRH.

A. E. NEWMAN, Grailing, Mich.

A particle is applied in each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price, 50 cts. by mail or at Druggists Send for circular. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

May 1, 1884.-5.

KNABE

PIANO-FORTES.

UNEQUALLED IN

Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.

Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore
No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

LORETTO HOUSE,

(Formerly known as the Myers House)

LORETTO, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,

W. H. PRUNER, Proprietor.

Sample Room for Salesmen and good stabling for horses. TERMS MODERATE.

Ebensburg, Sept. 25, 1885.

TABLE of AGGREGATE VALUES of PROPERTY

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,

As Shown by the Recent Triennial Assessment for County and State Purposes.

DISTRICTS	Land	Horses and Mules	Horses and Mules	Cattle	Occupation	Unseated Land	Excess of Valuation	Tax on Carriages	County Tax	Money at Interest	Hacks for Hire	First class watches	Second class watches	Third class watches	State Tax
Adams Township	115,837	11,240	5,440	4,164	2,615	13,686		620	1,842 98	49,468		2	1		196 08
Allegheny Township	119,943	5,790	11,202	5,376	2,664		700	600	1,748 43	53,263		2	1		196 08
Barr Township	67,893	2,814	2,957	3,048	1,305	920			954 29	20,732					87 12
Blacklick Township	49,805	1,559	2,535	2,412	1,190	7,300		145	779 35	20,207					87 12
Blacklick Township	14,650	43,209	1,370	324	1,975			120	828 57	7,891		1			87 12
Cambria Bor. 1st Ward		90,947	40	272	12,910			10	1,251 94	15,702		6			87 12
" 2d "								25	1,852 09	43,021					
Cambria Township	140,578		5,110	5,244	1,647	1,441	300		572 09	59,982		3			349 47
Carrolltown Bor	2,228	38,990	1,665	888	5,940			50	1,519 89	29,726		3			349 47
Carroll Township	124,999	325	6,388	5,702	1,580	400		75	266 94	12,678		1	1		87 12
Chest Springs Bor	6,487	12,430	930	468	1,880			410	1,016 46	18,070		1			87 12
Chest Township	85,080	1,110	4,160	1,999	1,070	40 885		50	1,178 65	18,870		1			87 12
Clearfield Township	70,456	2,120	8,517	4,424	3,110	6,694	600		1,319 84	45,524	350	9	18	4	524 58
Conemaugh Bor. 1st W		90,900	1,295	312	18 800				2,732 54	21,330		3	10		87 12
" 2d W	7,050	302,475	2,130	372	15,685			205	719 82	53,994		1			87 12
Conemaugh Township	52,300	2,815	3,432	1,899	2,245	6,028	25	205	627 69	28,287		10	6		87 12
Coopersdale Bor	840	36,330	725	168	3,590			325	927 49	15,787					87 12
Croyle Township	56,029	45,755	4,308	2,880	8,845	3,409	200	905	1,463 17	15,383		4	3		262 36
Dean Township	76,874	2,304	2,035	606	1,178	50,680		420	1,616 00	4,136		1			87 12
East Conemaugh Bor	31,925	80,310	1,980	228	9,190			705	1,468 11	41,580	70	12	3	3	524 58
Ebensburg Bor. East W	2,182	23,610	2,425	456	4,385		2,235	75	544 16	10,482	500	13	3	2	349 47
" West W	295	78,825	965	708	8,720		4,675	445	1,134 51	102,220		29	3		524 58
Elder Township	30,820	1,873	4,135	1,884	1,218	4,885		25	547 68	17,039					87 12
Franklin Bor	8,000	47,080	415	300	3,250			125	1,005 66	9,033		9			87 12
Gallitzin Borough	25,575	89,655	2,500	1,092	13 225		500	35	1,566 98	29,588		14	5	11	349 47
" Township	88,168	7,020	4,191	1,140	2,315	10,649	60	245	1,166 66	9,033		8	2		87 12
Grubtown Borough	47,052	20,040	1,230	1,020	2,915		500	75	847 50	15,000		2			87 12
Jackson Township	103,087	2,385	3,123	3,648	2,915	16,179		822	1,656 40	18,549		5			87 12
Johnstown Bor. 1st W		294,430	3,740	168	20,300			7,129	1,000 2,841 20	203,185	180	74	17	1,062	70
" " 2d "		213,350	48	16,550				7,895	1,730 2,703 85	402,782		65	7	1,062	70
" " 3d "		212,848	5,995	264	18,970			4,522	959 2,836 68	123,264	450	40	7		820
" " 4th "		134,187	3,990	144	9,105			2,360	510 1,860 53	97,915		16	10	6	437
" " 5th "		117,904	2,194	156	14,375			5,478	545 1,727 54	90,736		20	5		350
" " 6th "		116,277	1,738	480	14,425			1,490	572 1,617 82	80,802		20	15	16	262
" " 7th "	250	68,840	581	432	8,525			160	945 69	24,118		6	2		87 12
Lilly's Borough	850	41,550	1,190	384	4,320		850	75	880 94	12,247		4	2	2	87 12
Loretto Borough	930	24,116	910	420	2,020			80	552 71	26,754		2			87 12
Millville Bor. 1st Ward		114,880	1,420	96	9,945			75	1,017 41	5,696		4			87 12
" 2d Ward	150	54,210	2,225	180	7,940				777 66	8,784		6			87 12
Munster Township	40,160	725	3,741	2,864	1,510			485

Cambria Freeman.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY E. C. KITTELL, EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, AM[illegible] - - FEB. 26, 1886.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—For fresh groceries of all kinds go to the Sugar Bowl.

—List of applications for license will be found on this page.

—What an appetite it gives; how restful it makes my sleep, by using Hunt's Remedy.

—Mrs. Thomas Ott, of St. Boniface, who has been ill for some time, is said to be recovering.

—The table of aggregate values of property in Cambria county will be found on our second page.

—The county commissioners will commence holding the appeals on the 22nd of March next.

—The Forty Hours Devotion will commence in the convent chapel, this place, on March 17th.

—The coal miners at South Fork will get an advance of five cents per ton, on the first of next month.

—Mr. Philip Miller, of Elder township, is said to be extremely ill, but hopes are still had of his recovery.

—Dr. J. C. McMullen and Luke Behe, Esq., of Clearfield township, were among the visitors to our town on Tuesday last.

—The Ancient Order of Forresters, at South Fork, will have an oyster supper at the hotel of C. N. Crouse, on Monday, March 3rd.

—A new hotel is one of the latest business ventures at St. Boniface, Mr. J. S. Klein having in contemplation engaging in that business.

—Mr. Joseph A. Nagle and Miss Annie Semelsberger, both of Elder township, were married at St. Boniface church, on Wednesday last, by Rev. Father Maxamillian.

—The cost of making the assessment in Cambria county this year under the new tax law was exactly $5,110. Under the old law the cost of making the assessment was $11,000.

—On Thursday night of last week, a freight train broke, just west of Gallitzin, and the two sections collided, wrecking thirty-four cars and blockading both tracks for several hours.

—Mr. George H. Roberts, with his mother and sister, left on Friday last for Philadelphia, where they intend remaining for a few days and then go to Florida to spend the balance of the winter.

—Dr. Davidson, who a short time ago bought out the drug store of Dr. Zimmerman, moved his family to this place on Tuesday last. He is occupying the house recently occupied by Dr. Zimmerman.

—Mr. P. L. Fek and family, of Carrolltown, passed through this place on Tuesday last, on their way to the funeral of Mr. Eck's father, who died the day previous in one of the eastern counties of this State.

—The following named persons can each get a letter by calling at the Ebensburg postoffice: Mrs Mary Lewis, Miss Lizzie E. Jones, Jacob Bracken (2), Mr. Isaac Bowers, Mr. James Ross and Jacob Yost.

—The funeral of Wm. Hayes, who died at Sonman, Friday of last week, took place in the Luthern cemetery, Wilmore, on Sunday. His disease was pneumonia. He was a blacksmith by trade, and we believe leaves a family.

—Mr. James Reynolds, of Carrolltown, will take charge of the Sybert's mill in Carroll township, on the first of April next, and the steam grist mill in Carrolltown, after that date, will be run by John Owens of that place.

—Mr. John P. Bard of Curwensville, Pa., visited this place on Monday last and was astonished at some specimens of coal from the Blacklick region shown him by Mr. A. T. Pindle. Mr. Pindle is an expert in coal and some of his specimens are very fine.

—The Gilbootie Band made its first appearance on our streets on Thursday evening last. Proceeding to the Blair House, the floors were soon cleared and dancing was the order of the evening. They play very well for amateurs and should be encouraged.

—A smooth complexion can be had by any lady who will use Parker's Tonic. For promptly regulating the liver and kidneys and purifying the blood, there is nothing like it, and this is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheeks.

—The Temperance Society, at St. Augustine, will erect a new hall during the coming spring to be used for the meetings of their society. They have the lumber already on the ground, and expect to have the building ready for occupancy early in the coming summer.

—It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as have, after long years of trial, proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experience may be of great service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.

—T. J. Lee, of the neighborhood of Cresson, or more properly the borough of Summitville, was arrested at Johnstown on Tuesday last, at the instance of his wife for desertion. But after talking the matter over, Mr. T. J. concluded that he would return home, and his wife withdrew the prosecution.

—Two boys named Jacob Shank and William Mishler, were killed in a coal bank belonging to Jacob Levergood, on the Bedford pike in the neighborhood of Johnstown, on Tuesday last. They were engaged in loading a car, when a great mass of slate fell and crushed them to death. Four men who were working in the mine at the time were more than an hour in uncovering their crushed and lifeless bodies.

—The largest and best selected stock of boots and shoes to be found in Ebensburg, is at the shoe store of Mr. R. L. Davis, on Julian street. He is constantly receiving new additions to his stock of the latest styles and the best make. He has just opened up a nice new lot of ladies' shoes called the "Tiger Kid", which are soft and flexible, well made and very neat. Go and examine his stock before purchasing.

—It is not yet a fixed fact that work on the Seaboard Railroad will commence in the spring, but the inducements held out to the company, will, no doubt, hurry up the work. One of the great inducements offered, will be the great number of passengers carried to this place, who are anxious to buy their dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries and provisions, at John Owens' store on High street, where they can always get goods at the lowest prices.

—Miss Josephine Weaver, a young lady residing at Kittanning, a few days ago had five more pieces of cambric needles removed from her left leg by a surgeon. She is known as the "living needle-cushion," and during the last years has had extracted ninety-two needles, whole or in part, from her limbs. The lady maintains that she is bewitched. It is generally believed that she is a monomaniac on the subject of sticking herself full of needles, her parents say that they have watched her often, and have found no evidence of such actions. The mystery remains to be solved.

GABLE & CO.'S GREAT SPECIAL SALE OF GOODS FROM ALL DEPARTMENTS!

REDUCED AFTER STOCK-TAKING IN ORDER TO CLOSE THEM OUT.

62 1-2c. Dress Goods reduced to 35c. per yard. 87 1-2c. and $1 Dress Goods reduced to 50c. per yard. 50c. Dress Goods reduced to 25c. per yard. 25c. Dress Goods reduced to 12 1-2c. per yard. $6 All-Wool 11-4 White Blankets reduced to $5. Gloves reduced to a low figure. Coats for Ladies and Children reduced below cost. Underwear at greatly reduced prices. Look out for our Great Sale of Muslin next week. Our Sale of New Edgings and Insertions has commenced, and our customers tell us they never saw such value in Hamburgs as is now being offered at the Great, Popular and One-Price Store at 1402 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.,

WILLIAM F. GABLE & CO., 1402 ELEVENTH AVE., ALTOONA.

—For the best flour in the market go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The rescuing party at the coal mine at Wilkesbarre, the scene of the recent great disaster, has found evidence that the imprisoned miners were slowly starved to death. It is feared the men cannot be induced to go any farther, as the work is now very dangerous.

—Frank Derr and A. D. Wilson, his barkeeper, who were confined in the Indiana county jail under sentence for illegal liquor selling, together with two other prisoners made their escape on Thursday night of last week. The watchman was found the next morning in a stupor, and claimed to have been drugged. A few days before their escape, Judge White reduced their fines one-half, and they have now knocked off the imprisonment and the other half.

—Mr. Celestine Blair, in this week's issue, flings his card to the breeze as a candidate for the notoination for the office of Register and Recorder, at the next Democratic Primary election. Mr. Blair is well known to a large number of people throughout the county, having served one term as Deputy Sheriff under Sheriff Luther, and is now filling the same position under Sheriff Gray, and if nominated and elected, would perform the duties appertaining to the Recorder's office with credit and fidelity.

—Mrs. James Doran, Sr., of Summerhill, is, we are sorry to state, seriously ill with a catarrhal affection, and Dr. Deveraux, of Summit, is doing all that can be done to alleviate her sufferings, which owing to her advanced age, is probably all that can be accomplished. Mrs. D., until quite recently, has been an exceedingly hale and hearty person. She and her husband are the only couple of all the old time settlers of Summerhill Twp., unbroken by death. They are a venerable pair, the parents of a large, well known, and respected family.

—Mr. Joseph James, of the West ward, Ebensburg, on last Tuesday a week ago, at the election in that ward, on offering to vote was challenged on the ground that he had not paid a state or county tax within two years as required by law. He left the polling place and sometime afterward returned and produced a tax receipt from Treasurer Stackhouse, for taxes paid on the 15th of June last. The records in the Commissioners office show that Mr. James' taxes were exonerated by the Commissioners for the years 1884 and 1885. If Mr. James paid the taxes to Treasurer Stackhouse, why are they exonerated? Mr. Stackhouse has the floor to explain whether the county ever got them or not.

—A Somerset special to the Johnstown *Tribune* gives a graphic account of Judge Baker's no license decree upon the people of Somerset. The Judge has issued an order which closes licensed bars from now until the first Monday of the May term of Court. As soon as the decree was made the proprietors of the Somerset House and the Glade, the two principal hotels in the town, notified their guests to find other quarters, and immediately closed their doors. Both places were crowded with guests who were attending Court, some sixty transients being at the Somerset House, but they had to go. As soon as the temperance people learned of the state of affairs they stuck posters about the town notifying strangers and travelers where they could get meals and lodging. The grounds for refusing the license were that remonstrances had been filed. There are eight distillers in Somerset county and their government license allows each to sell at any one place in the county by the gallon. It is expected that some of them will open a wholesale shop in the town in a few days.

Hemlock Items.

News in this locality is scarce, very scarce.

The coal mines near here are running to nearly their full capacity. The miners will have largely increased pays next month.

Mr. George Brant, who some time ago went to Phila'lephia to have an operation performed on his eyes, has returned very much improved, with the promises of a speedy and permanent cure.

Quite a number of our citizens were in your town yesterday attending the funeral of Hon. John Porter.

Mr. F. A. Thompson is having his new store room finished, and will occupy it as a clothing store about April 1st.

Our gentlemanly young friend and skillful operator, John McCann, has been assigned the position of permanent operator at the east end of the Tunnel.

Mr. Wm. Hayes, who for a long time was blacksmith for W. H. Piper & Co., at Benscreek, died quite suddenly on Friday night of last week. He was buried in the Brethren Cemetery at Wilmore, on Sunday last.

Mr. Wm. Aurandt, one of our stalwart young men, left for the West on Sunday last. His destination is not fixed.

Mr. Bernard Murray and Miss Agnes Behe were married in St. Rose's Catholic church, this place, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Father Browne. C.

Wabasha's New Postmaster

The following, taken from the St. Paul *Daily Globe*, will be interesting to many of our readers, owing to the fact that Mr. Evans is personally known to a number of our older citizens, he having been born in Ebensburg, where he resided up to the time of his removal to Minnesota. He is a brother-in-law of Ex-Sheriff Blair, of this place:

"A spirited contest for the office of postmaster at Wabasha has been going on between several leading Democrats during the past eight months, but no one was more surprised when the news reached here on Tuesday morning that Hon. James H. Evans had been nominated by the President for the position. Mr. Evans settled here more than thirty years ago from the State of his nativity, Pennsylvania, and has resided here ever since. He is a contractor and builder by trade, having been engaged in masonry work nearly all his life. He has been repeatedly chosen to offices of trust and responsibility, has been mayor and alderman of the city and county commissioner for a dozen or more years and is at present chairman of the county board. He is an 'old guard' Democrat and commands the respect and confidence of the people in the community in which he resides. He will make a competent, honest and acceptable official for Uncle Sam."

CURIOUS to think that desks and chairs kill people, but they do. Taken in large quantities office furniture is as fatal as yellow fever. We sit and write ourselves away. Sedentary habits produce constipation; that begets dyspepsia; rheumatism and kidney troubles follow in their train, and death ends the chapter. You whose lives are passed over desks and in the confined air offices ought to keep Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" always at hand for the stomach and brain.

WANTED —The public to know that a new line of Gent's, Ladies', Misses', Boys', Children's and Infants' Shoes have been received, and are for sale by C. T. Roberts, who also keeps Notions, Books, Toys, Goats' Goods, and numerous other articles for sale cheap.

FOUND DEAD.

Discovery of the Body of a Stranger Who Perished in the Snow.

On Wednesday afternoon about half-past three o'clock Mr. Alonzo Rodgers was hunting skunks on the farm of Mr. Henry Byrne, about half a mile east of town, and while crossing a blackberry patch about one hundred yards south of the railroad, and following a track, his boot caught on the foot of a man lying dead in the snow. He immediately returned to town, and a number of people went out. The body was lying between two little mounds, partly covered with snow, with the eyes out, the mouth open, and the flesh nearly all decomposed. The remains were those of a man apparently about forty-five years of age and fairly well dressed, with barred dark coat, black vest, gray pants, white shirt, black stiff hat and new shoes. The coat and vest were buttoned up to the throat, and the hat was tight on the head. He was a stranger, and no person identified him until Mr. Samuel Lilly, from the Almhouse, recognized him as being John Lloyd, who was admitted to the Almhouse on the 15th of October last, from Johnstown, and who left that institution on the 17th of the same month. He claimed to be a carpenter when admitted, and as Steward Lilly was at that time erecting a new wagon shed, he was put to work at shingling; but as it was soon discovered that the man was no mechanic, he was given other work. He left the next day, and had not been heard of since. The body had evidently lain where it was found for some time, but could not have been there since October, as Milton Brown and Melancthon Evans, of this place, were on the same ground hunting rabbits on the first of January, and are confident that the body was not there at that time. Richard Jones, Esq., empanelled a jury and viewed the body on Wednesday evening, when they adjourned until Thursday morning, but had not concluded their finding at the time of our going to press. There is, however, no evidence of violence or foul play, and the jury will no doubt find that he died from natural causes or from exposure. He may have been trying to make his way back to the Almshouse some time since the first of January and, becoming bewildered, exhausted or benumbed with the cold, laid down and died. He was a Welshman by birth, and was not considered altogether sound mentally.

Another Murder.

On Wednesday night of last week, a shooting incident took place in Conemaugh that terminated fatally the next day. The parties are all colored. The shooting took place at Peter Campbell's, where two colored women, Mrs. Mary Spriggs and Miss Celia Fairfax, had called about ten minutes before the shooting. Aron Walker followed them to the house with a pistol in his hand and seizing Miss Fairfax struck her saying, "——give me my money", when she ran towards the door and just as she reached it Edward Williams entered and Walker fired. The ball struck Williams and he staggered as if about to fall, but recovered and walked to his home. After the shooting Miss Fairfax started to run, but was followed by Walker, who caught up to her and knocked her down, when she again got away from him and ran into the Baptist church, where services were going on, pursued by Walker, who was put out by some of the members. Miss Fairfax after a short time started for home and stopped at a Mrs. Brown's, where Walker again followed her with his revolver, when Mrs. Brown interfered. Hearing some noise on the pavement outside he jumped out of the back window and left.

Williams after reaching home went to bed where he lingered in great pain until the next evening, about twenty-four hours after he was shot, when he died.

Walker was arrested the next morning after the tragedy, at Altoona, where he at first denied his identity and claimed to be a tramp. He was taken to Johnstown and on Saturday last waived a hearing and was then brought to jail by Deputy Sheriff Blair. Walker and Williams are said to be cousins.

A Remarkable History.

GUIZOT is the Macaulay of the History of France. His narrative is full of emotion like a quick stream; his characters rise before us as in the flesh; they are men and women, not historic lay figures. It is as charming as any romance. It is a work to read and re-read. The one edition just published is worthy of the work. Though reduced in price from $36.00 to $6.00 the 427 illustrations are all there, superb in quality; the type is large; the binding is thoroughly excellent and tasteful. Every word of the publisher's description in the advertisement elsewhere is worth reading—the work ought to be owned in every home. We have made an arrangement with the publisher by which we are able to offer this work, GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE, 8 vols., large 12mo., 427 fine illustrations, as described in the publisher's advertisement elsewhere, regular price $6.00, in combination with the CAMBRIA FREEMAN on the following remarkably attractive terms, namely:

For $6.25, we will send one copy of this paper one year, and deliver a set of Guizot's History of France, as described, at our office without further charge—**a saving** to you of **$1.25**.

For $11.50 we will send two copies of this paper one year, and deliver two sets of the work described, at our office without further charge—**a saving** to you of **$3.50**.

For $16.00, we will send three copies of this paper one year, and deliver three copies of the work described, at our office without further charge—**a saving** to you of **$6.50**.

Our arrangements with the publisher enable us to make these exceedingly liberal offers for 30 days only—the time expires March 26, 1886. A prompt call at our office to examine the work is worth your while—that will cost nothing; a few hours' or a few moments' talk with your neighbor will enable you to secure it on easy terms.

Council Proceedings.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening, Burgess Barker presiding, and Councilmen Evans, Lloyd, Kittell and Thompson present. The minutes of two last meetings were read and approved.

The following bills were read and, on motion, orders granted for the same:

M. D. Eberly, one day as return judge	$ 1 50
Wm. Leighty, one day as return judge	1 50
L. & S. W. Davis, 662 lbs. straw	2 73
Thomas Hoover, one load wood	1 00
Adams Express Co	2 60
V. S. Barker & Bros., nails and lumber	1 03
Evan D. Evans, 142 hours' work at w. w.	21 80
R. E. Tibbott 42 hours' work, and 42 hours per Bob Tibbott	13 79
Evan D. Evans, 4 months attending wind mill, at $5 per month, and 6 months at $3	38 00
R. L. Thomas, 295 hours' work at w. w	43 98
Milton Jones, 220 feet lumber	1 76
Jas. G. Hasson, police, ad., bonds for sale	2 00
B. G. Williams and Thomas Jones, one iron rod and fixing hose	70
J. S. Davis, salary as clerk for six months	20 00
A. Y. Barker, salary as solicitor for 1885	50 00
F. H. Barker, salary as burgess for 1885	25 00
J. S. Davis, stationery and post. for 1885	80
F. H. Barker, cash paid for one load of wood and hauling stove, etc	2 15

On motion of Mr. Evans, an order for $28 was granted J. S. Davis, Borough Collector, being exonerations and property returned for the year 1885.

On motion of Mr. Lloyd, the Burgess was directed to give notice by public cation to the holders of bonds Nos. 46, 47, 48 and 49 of the series of June 1, 1881, to present the same for redemption to the borough Treasurer, on or before March 8, 1886.

On motion adjourned.

J. S. DAVIS, Sec.

DEATH OF HON. JOHN PORTER.

He Dies Suddenly at a Hotel in New Florence, of Hemorrhage.

Hon. John Porter died at the the Miller House, New Florence, Westmoreland county, on Saturday last, aged forty five years. The deceased was born in Washington township, this county, and was the son of Hon. Thomas H. Porter, a prominent citizen of that place in early days. He grew up in the neighborhood of Lilly's, and at the breaking out of the war enlisted in Col. Dick White's regiment, and returned home with the regiment with a captain's commission. He was engaged for several years in the lumber business in Washington township, and became prominent in politics. In 1868 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff, and in the following year was nominated and elected as a member of the Legislature, where he served two terms. Afterwards he operated a steam sawmill at Scalp Level, and had an extensive lumber yard in Johnstown; but he was unfortunate in business, and failed. He lived for a time in Greensburg, where he was the lessee of the Miller House, and during his stay there was the landlord of that house. For several years past he has resided at Braddock, where he was employed in the office of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company. At the election one year ago he was elected Justice of the Peace, in that borough, and since that time has given his attention to the duties of that office. He had been in ill health for several years, being subject to hemorrhages of the lungs, and on Thursday last was in Pittsburg on business, when he was taken ill. He left Pittsburg, it is supposed, with the intention of coming to this place, but being attacked with another hemorrhage while on the cars, got off at New Florence, where he went to the Miller House, and died on Sunday. He leaves a wife—a daughter of Ex-Sheriff Myers, of this place, but no family, and one brother and three sisters. His remains were interred here on Tuesday last in the Catholic cemetery at this place. Peace to his ashes.

Commonwealth Cases.

The following list set down for trial next week, will prove of interest to our readers:

Commonwealth vs. Amos Thomas, pointing a pistol; Wilson Rich, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Amos Thomas, assault and battery; George Rich, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Nathaniel Thomas, fornix et cet.; Jennie Slick, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. Josep Booser, fornix et cet.; Lena Nieth, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. David Barney, larceny; Thomas W. McCloskey, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. John Regan, larceny; Patrick Sutton, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. William Reynolds, desertion; Dora Reynolds, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. John Robini, larceny; Adam Smith, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. W. J. Shaw, larceny; John McCabe, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Daniel Shaffer, assault and battery; Daniel W. Cobaugh, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. A. J. Watt fornix et cet.; Gaither Rehringer, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. Jere Lynch, fornix et cet.; Mary Lydon, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. James Flannagan, false pretense; Samuel B. Johnston, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph C. Foster, open lewdness; Mrs J. C. Leonard prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. Gabriel Snyder, fornix et cet.; Martha Kirkpatrick, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. Owen Darby, fornix et cet.; Maggie Bender, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. Adam Hanaman, larceny; Joseph Farbaugh, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Jesse Nagle, fornix et cet.; Alice Lowbridge, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. W. S. Patterson, fornix et cet.; Hattie Martin, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. Peter Maizi, selling liquor without license; Henry Mitchell, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Margaret Will, fornication; John T. Harris, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Thomas Rodgers, John Grady, Ed. Sweeny, Andrew Lambert, Robert Finan, and Cornelius Arthur, larceny; P. B. Stern, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Stephen McGarvey, false pretense; Jacob Trefts, prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Elwood H. Gordon, murder; Celia Matilda Fairfax, prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. Aaron Walker, murder; H. P. Derritt, prosecutor.

Facts Worth Remembering.

In these days when quality is so often sacrificed for appearance, those of our readers who really desire a good article will be pleased to learn that the old and reliable house of H. CHILDS & Co. of Pittsburg, are offering a line of Men's Shoes, known as their $3 Calf Shoes, which combine both durability and style, with the very best workmanship. These goo is have been thoroughly tested during the past two years, and having given entire satisfaction they are to be placed in the hands of leading retailers in every town and village, so that they will be within the reach of all. the merchant of whom you purchase your shoes for them, and take no others, as they are the best and most stylish goods in the market for the price. Parents desiring a first class, reliable school shoe for their boys ones, should not fail to call for "Childs' Old White School House Shoes," as they are just as strong and good as leather will make them.

Ballou's Magazine

Has made its regular monthly visit. The March number is running over with good interesting, instructive and amusing reading for all members of the family, by the best authors. It is about one of the best monthlies coming to our office, and deserving a large patronage. Those wishing for a good magazine, Clean and Bright, can do no better than subscribe. The price $1.50 per year post-paid, is remarkably cheap for so good a publication containing so much interesting reading for all. Pub. by G. W. STUDLEY, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes; "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by E. James.

THERE must be an open road between the food we eat and the substance of which our bodies are composed. If the road is clogged we sicken, faint and die. This road is made up of the organs of digestion and assimilation. Of these the stomach and liver are chief. Most people have had more or less experience of the horrors of constipation. Prevent it and all its fearful sequences by using Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy." It is the first step that costs.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses have been issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court since last week:

Sherman T. Stroup, Johnstown, and Mary A. Stern, Conemaugh borough;

Philip A. Little, Derry, Pa., and Addie Seymour, Portage, Pa.

Alfred H. Lynn and Annie L. Oschger, of Conemaugh borough.

Hugh A. Duncan, Portage township, and Anale G. Wright, Summerhill township.

OBITUARY.

GRIMES—Died, at his residence in White township, on Tuesday, February 16, 1886 of cancer of the liver, Mr. Francis Grimes, aged about 70 years.

BUMFORD—Died, at the residence of her parents in Cambria township, on Thursday, Feb. 18, 1886, Miss Ida Bumford, daughter of Mr. Thomas Bumford, aged about 16 years.

Political Announcement

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER.

To the Democracy of Cambria County: I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for the office of Register and Recorder at the ensuing Democratic Primary Election.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR.

Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 26, 1886.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Nassau, Bensfontein (S. Africa,) March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Diseases from the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; six bottles for $5.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

The following persons have filed "Petitions for License" with the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Cambria County to be presented to the Court on Monday, March 15, 1886:

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.

Tavern—John Orris.

ALLEGHENY TWP.

Tavern—Fred. Bush.

BARR TWP.

Tavern—Eberhart Cessler.

CAMBRIA BOROUGH—FIRST WARD.

Quart—Patrick Green, Patrick Scanlan; Tavern—Elizabeth Judge, Bridget Howe, Charles Boyle, John Waters, John Kintz, Patrick McLaughlin, Peter Fitzpatrick, Patrick Boyle, Ignatius Fisher, Edward Hayes, Frances E. Kelly, Peter Roth, Hugh McConnell, Henry Sally, Jacob Hartman, Frank Kurtz; Eating House—Martin Logan.

CAMBRIA BOROUGH—SECOND WARD.

Tavern—John Lysett, David Burkhard, George Akmer, Jacob Shaffer, John Sheffauer, Michael Curley, Peter Toner, John E. Foos.

CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.

Tavern—Lawrence Schroth, A. H. Haug, H. A. Englehart, Bimes Stolz & Co., Edward L. Binder; Eating House—Frederick Egel, Mrs. B. A. Blum, John Stolz; Quart—J. J. Haug & Bro., Gray & Williams.

CARROLL TOWNSHIP.

Tavern—Thomas Weakland, James A. Bagley.

CHEST TOWNSHIP.

Tavern—Joseph Rhody.

CHEST SPRINGS BOROUGH.

Tavern—John Crouse, Mary A. Hoerle.

CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP

Eating House—F. S. Burgoon.

CONEMAUGH BOROUGH—FIRST WARD.

Tavern—P. S. Fralobof, Herbert Mahi, John Karr, George Held, John Guss, Philip Hertzinger Frederick Beuler, John Karl, Charles Munzer.

CONEMAUGH BOROUGH—SECOND WARD.

Tavern—Benjamin Kist, Josiah Swank, Albert Leckey, Charles Hoffman, F. Oscar Werther, Benedict Eger, Andrew Fitzsimmons, Unity Daley, Catharina A. Storn, Laura Tookey, Mrs. Anna Ernst, Kate Walcher.

CONEMAUGH TWP.

Eating House—Mrs. Lena Shaffer.

CROYLE TWP.

Tavern—Charles N. Crouse, Peter Brown, John D. Wentroth, Henry Hartman, A. J. Skelly, Jas. Mulherron, John Griffith.

DEAN TWP.

Tavern—Thomas Dunphy, Leonard Hollis, J. J. Rhody; Quart—D. G. Myers; Eating House—F. B. & Chas. Burgoon.

EAST CONEMAUGH BOR.

Tavern—John Furlong, George A. Confer, William J. Canon, Margaret Kelly.

EBENSBURG—EAST WARD.

Tavern—J. H. Denny.

EBENSBURG—WEST WARD.

Tavern—John A. Blair, John Bender, P. F. Brown.

ELDER TWP.

Tavern—Francis X. Ott, Charles Endler; Eating House—Jacob S. Kline.

FRANKLIN BOR.

Tavern—Peter Rubritz.

GALLITZIN BOR.

Tavern—Michael Fitzharris, Henry C. Haug, Max. Stehle, Arnold Leur, Charles Drass, Joseph M. Gunning, D. C. Burk, Griffith Bonner; Eating House—Andrew Geagler, Joseph Daschner.

GRUBBTOWN BOR.

Tavern—Mrs. Catharine Ream, John O. C. McIntyre.

JOHNSTOWN—SECOND WARD.

Tavern—Daniel Lysett, Joseph Crouse, John Coad George Kough, John Schiffauer, John Franke, Neal Sharkey, Philip Schuitheiser, Thomas Kitney, Conrad Hoffman, George C. Rast, John James, E. H. Willower, Patrick O'Connell; Quart—Job Morgan, John Babb.

JOHNSTOWN—THIRD WARD.

Tavern—John D. Thomas, James J. Milligan, John J. Hornick, William Thomas, Robert Sagersen, Chas. Zimmerson, Sr., Charles Oswald, Stephen Quirk, William H. Thompson, Mrs. C. Karl, Joseph Kerr, John Murton, Jr., Fritz and Charles Wess, John Fritz, John V. Shaffer, Joseph Beiter, Hugh Greenwood, Charles H. Mellon, John McCann; Quart—Kelcher & Co., John Ludwig & Son, Henry G. Ludwig.

JOHNSTOWN—FOURTH WARD.

Tavern—Thomas J. Lewis, Eckhart Pfeil, Frederick W. Hoffman & Co.; Eating House—C. J. Schnable, F. P. Weir; Quart—William Thomas.

JOHNSTOWN—FIFTH WARD.

Tavern—Henry H. Thomas; Eating House—John L. Corp.

JOHNSTOWN—SIXTH WARD.

Tavern—William Shaffer.

JOHNSTOWN—SEVENTH WARD.

Tavern—Andrew Ahler, John B. Gearhart.

LILLY BOROUGH.

Tavern—C. Robins, C. A. George, Margaret Hoelle, George Brandt, John Metzger, Edward Mulherron, Simon Ryan; Eating House—Theodore Sell.

LORETTO BOROUGH.

Tavern—C. F. O'Donnell, A. J. Christy, Florian Bengels.

MILLVILLE BOROUGH—FIRST WARD.

Tavern—Evan A. James, Neil McAnany, Patrick Rodgers, Edw. McLaughlin, Owen McCue, Sr., Andrew Winn, E. J. Vinton, Catharine Dowling; Eating House—Austin Neary.

MILLVILLE BOROUGH—SECOND WARD.

Tavern—Thomas McDermott, John Hogan, James Dailey, Michael Lynch, William Marshall, James P. Burns, Sarah Monahan; Eating House—Ellen Connelly; Quart—Michael McBride.

PORTAGE TWP.

Tavern—Jesse McGough, John J. McDonald.

PROSPECT BOROUGH.

Tavern—Thomas Reilly, Mary Neary.

READE TWP.

Tavern—David Brookbank, James Laing, W. A. Chapiln; Eating House—Albert Yonkin.

RICHLAND TWP.

Tavern—John Himes, John H. Watkins.

SUMMIT BOROUGH.

Tavern—John Hurse, John H. Clark, John P. O'Neill, W. R. Dunham; Eating House—Louisa Weiser.

SUSQUEHANNA TWP.

Tavern—Philip P. Miller.

SPRINGCREEK TWP.

Tavern—C. J. Shaffer, Conrad Ream, Milton J. Gunder; Eating House—Joseph Holtz.

TUNNELHILL BOROUGH.

Tavern—William McGarvey, Catharine Fitzpatrick, Andrew Basil, Albert F. Ficke, Richard Byrne.

WASHINGTON TWP.

Tavern—Patrick R. Myers, Michael Donohoe.

WILMORE BOROUGH.

Tavern—Joseph Horner, Conrad Wentroth; Eating House—James Mc Breen.

LOWER YODER TWP.

Tavern—Michael Conway, Francis Leckey.

UPPER YODER TWP.

Tavern—Charles Hochstein, J. A. O'Connor.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.

Clerk's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 22, 1886.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing in the blacksmithing business, in Ebensburg and Belsano, under the firm name of Custer & Sensebaugh, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons owing bills to the firm for work done at the shop in Ebensburg, are hereby notified to make settlement with S. B. Sensebaugh, on or before the 29th of March next, as after that date the claims will be left with an officer for collection. All claims against said firm will be settled by E. Custer at Ebensburg.

EMANUEL CUSTER.
S. B. SENSEBAUGH.

Ebensburg, Feb. 15, 1886.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

—OF—

CAMBRIA COUNTY, PENN'A

—FROM THE—

5th day of January, 1885, to the 4th day of January, 1886.

ALEX. STACKHOUSE, TREASURER, DR.

To balance in hands of Treasurer at last settlement	$ 11,243.67
To am't rec'd from miscellaneous sources	23,453.47
To am't received from redemption of lands	260.92
To am't received from constables for 1884 and previous	2,707.81
To am't received from seated and unseated lands	534.18
To am't duplicate for 1885	68,449.13
	$108,719.18

CR.

By amount paid—	
Auditors (County)	$ 288.00
Auditors (State)	58.50
Assessors	3,010.88
Boarding jurors	5.20
Boarding prisoners	2,448.56
Building bridges	2,210.00
Bridge and Road views	353.05
Borrowed money	18,000.00
Bonds redeemed	5,000.00
Commissioners	1,200.00
Commissioners' clerk	500.00
Commissioners' counsel	300.00
Court crier and tipstaves	492.50
Constables	1,584.55
Criminal prosecutions	4,757.44
Court House	1,470.10
District Attorney	960.00
Elections	2,455.27
Fox and wild cat scalps	385.50
Inquisitions	162.88
Interest on bonds	1,187.50
Interest on borrowed money	325.87
Janitor	404.50
Jail and jailor	3,724.01
Jury Comm'rs and clerk	130.50
Jurors (grand)	890.10
Jurors (traverse)	4,317.22
Jurors (talesmen)	92.00
Miscellaneous	45.93
Old orders	270.69
Probates	58.20
Postage and expressage	41.48
Prothonotary	316.50
Printing	984.37
Poor Directors	300.00
Poor and House Employm't	18,067.78
Registry	585.87
Records	221.75
Refunding	14.97
Road damage	165.00
Road fund	2,904.24
Refunding School	61.31
Redemption of lands	180.73
School fund	4,340.01
State tax	728.00
Stenographer	448.16
Sheriff	542.24
Soldiers' burial	80.00
Teachers' Institute	200.00
Western Penitentiary	1,127.64
Western Penn'a Hospital	819.45
Return'g constables' bonds	2,857.33
Exonerations to constables	2,432.75
Exonerations on duplicates	212

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Items Which Will Prove of Interest to Our Readers.

A case of hydrophobia of spontaneous origin in man is said to have been discovered in Paris recently.

A number of traveling juries have been created by the French to visit foreign lands and collect information useful to science, commerce and navigation.

The eye of a rabbit has been successfully transplanted into a human subject. The movement and appearance of the natural eye was excellently secured, vision not being expected.

The schools of Austria have forbidden using paper ruled in square or diagonal lines, as such paper has been found to injure the eyesight of the pupils. In future only paper plain or ruled straight across is to be employed.

Attention has been called to the fact that the streams in certain cultivated portions of northern Texas now run during the part of the year when they were formerly dry. This is not attributed to any change in the rainfall, but to a more even absorption of water over the cultivated areas.

In Japan, according to a Government report, 533 earthquakes occurred during the nine and a half years preceding December, 1884. The record is evidently incomplete, however, as Prof. Milne has been able to trace an average of an earthquake a day in Nagaski, in the extreme south of Japan.

The curious and remarkable discovery is reported that a South American shrub called "aliza," exudes a juice that acts so powerfully in stopping flows of blood that when a knife is smeared with it and used for surgical operations the largest vessels may be severed without any hemorrhage.

A meteorological station is about to be established among the highest mountains of Mexico, at an altitude of nearly 20,000 feet above the sea level. As access to such a place is difficult and often impossible, the recording apparatus will have to be made almost independent of human attention, and, as far as possible, all the instruments will be made to run a year without stopping.

French experiments on the the transmission of power by electricity have resulted less successfully than was hoped. Theoretically the plan is feasible, but it is found to be more economical and practicable for manufacturing purposes to use the power directly at the source of supply. Modern railway facilities make it cheaper to transport goods than power, with its attendant loss of fifty per cent.—not to mention its uncertainties.

A member of the London Microscopal Society has described a case illustrating the value of the microscope as a detective agent. Fraudulent additions had been made to a bond, and the ink being darker than the original, the forger traced over the whole writing to give it a uniform shade. Under the microscope the difference between the added portions and the original was clearly discernible, and the forgery was established.

Experience on French railways has shown that the double poppy is the best plant at present known for consolidating, by the interlacing of its roots, the loose soil of an embankment. The usual grasses and clovers develop slowly, but the double poppy grows enough in two weeks to give some protection to the slope, and within three or four months its roots, ten or twelve inches long, retain the earth far more firmly than those of any grass or grain.

Commenting on Lieut. Greely's discovery of coal within the Arctic Circle, in Greenland, Mr. W. Mattieu Williams expresses himself as dissatisfied with the prevailing notion which demands a sub-tropical climate for the formation of carboniferous deposits. He has himself described the deposition of coal that is in actual progress at the present time in Norway, within four degrees of the Arctic Circle, and believes that many such deposits may be found much farther north. No very violent alteration of climate, therefore, need be assumed to explain the Greenland coal.

In a paper read before the Royal Meteorological Society of London, Dr. Woeikof stated that the first step toward a scientific investigation of the influence of forests upon climate was taken by the establishment of the Bavarian Forest meteorological stations. This example was followed by Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy and other countries. In general it has been found that in during the warmer season the earth and air temperatures are lower in the forest than in the surrounding woodless places; that their variations are less and that their relative humidity is greater. A discussion of the question shows that in the western portions of the Old World extensive forests materially influence the temperature of neighboring localities, and that the normal increase in temperature from the Atlantic Ocean towards the interior of the Continent is not only interrupted by their influence, but the summer is made cooler in regions situated farther in the interior than those nearer the sea. Hence, forests exert an influence on climate that does not cease at their borders, but is felt over a greater or less district, according to the kind, size or positions of the forests. It follows that man may considerably affect the climate by clearing forests in one place and planting others in another.

No Boon That Science Has Conferred

Has been fraught with greater blessings than that which has accrued to the inhabitants of malarial ridden portions of the United States and the Tropics from the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The experience of many years has but too clearly demonstated the inefficiency of quinine and other drugs to effectually combat the progress of intermittent, congestive and bilious remittent fevers, while on the other hand, it has been no less clearly shown that the use of the Bitters, a medicine congenial to the frailest constitution,and derived from purely botanic sources, affords a reliable safeguard against malarial disease, and arrest it when developed. For disorders of the stomach, liver and bowls, for general debility and renal inactivity, it is also a most efficient remedy. Appetite and sleep are improved by it, it expels rheumatic humors from the blood, and enriches a circulation impoverished by mal-assimilation.

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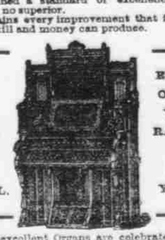

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With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily
With Hop Bitters!!!
Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near loosing my *Life!*
My trouble always comes after eating any food—
However light
And digestible,
For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most
Excruciating pains,
"And the only way I ever got"
"Relief!"
Was by throwing up all my stomach contained. No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until
"At last?"
I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and
Could eat nothing!
My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain; their
Efforts were no good to me.
At last I heard a good deal
"About your Hop Bitters!
And determined to try them."
Got a bottle—In four hours I took the contents of
One!
Next day I was out of bed, and have not seem a
"Sick!"
Hour, from the same cause since.
I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such
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Columbus *Advocate*, Texas, April 21, '83. Dear Editor:—I have tried your Hop Bitters, and find they are good for any complaint. The best medicine I ever used in my family. H. TALESNER.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Dig a well before you are thirsty.
The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth.
Worrying will wear the richest life to shreds.
Better to think and not say than to say and not think.
Do you ever benefit yourself by losing your temper?
It requires an abler man to take advice than to give it.
Words are oftener the substitute than the vehicle of thought.
Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character.
Happy is the man who has neighbors willing to forgive his mistakes.
The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.
To be dumb for the remainder of life is better than to speak falsely.
It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the rough path is safe for the feet.
No one needs so much watching as he who is always watching others.
Water does not always remain in the mountains; nor vengeance in great minds.
There is only one way to be happy, and a thousand ways to be wretched.
Wisdom and blessedness come thro' loving, not through being loved.
Be careful in little things; it is the straw that shows which way the current runs.
It is not, after all, so much what we enjoy as what we expect to that makes us happy.
It is easier to enrich ourselves with a thousand virtues than to correct ourselves of a single fault.
Faults are pliable in infancy, changeable in childhood, more resolute in youth, firmly rooted in manhood, and inflexible in old age.
Women and men of retiring timidity are cowardly only in dangers which affect themselves. They are the first to rescue when others are endangered.
To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches, and therefore men seek to hide their poverty from others and their idleness from themselves.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and ambition, on confronts, undaunted, gigantic and commands applause for his excellent excitements. But, all unexpected, an alarm come—the rudder of constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, its achievements, irregular habits, overwork, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used in its infancy. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler.*

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1794.
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Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

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Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

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"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

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Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters. 15c.

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If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

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Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

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Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

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"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

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Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

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